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which caused him to look at all philosophical matters, even those commonly deemed minor, *sub specie aeternitatis*, as it were. For this reason, too, there was a reverence in his manner when he talked on philosophical subjects. Herein lay the great secret of his philosophical influence. His pupils and others could not help feeling that philosophy is something supremely real and important. To this influence, which so few possess, he added other qualities of a teacher, not very often found in conjunction with it—or even in conjunction with each other—learning and the power of lucid exposition. Oxford, where personal influences count for so much, has lost one of her most considerable forces in Edwin Wallace. But those of us who, either as contemporaries or as pupils, have had the privilege of his friendship, will be unwilling to think that his personal influence has ended with his life. He leaves behind him in Oxford the example of a life devoted, with complete singleness of mind and heart, to the highest objects.

### I. EDITH.

Edith, the silent stars are coldly gleaming,  
The night-wind moans, the leafless trees are still.  
Edith, there is a life beyond this seeming,  
So sleeps the ice-clad lake beneath thy hill.

So silent beats the pulse of thy pure heart,  
So shines the thought of thy unquestioned eyes,  
O life! why wert thou helpless in thy art?  
O loveliness! why seem'st thou but surprise?

Edith, the streamlets laugh to leap again;  
There is a spring to which life's pulses fly;  
And hopes that are not all the sport of pain,  
Like lustres in the veil of that gray eye.

They say the thankless stars have answering vision,  
That courage sings from out the frost-bound ways;  
Edith, I grant that olden time's decision  
Thy beauty paints with gold the icy rays!

As in the summer's heat her promise lies,  
As in the autumn's seed his vintage hides,  
Thus might I shape my moral from those eyes,  
Glass of thy soul, where innocence abides.

Edith, thy nature breathes of answered praying,  
If thou dost live, then not my grief is vain;  
Beyond the nerves of woe, beyond delaying,  
Thy sweetness stills to rest the winter's pain.

### II. A DREAM—TO EDITH.

I dreamed the summer-wind blew cold,  
I dreamed that youth and age are vain,  
That I was young who now am old,  
When spring nor hope may bloom again.

I felt that death had drawn more near,  
 My youthful hopes all passed away ;  
 No heart to press to mine—now dead—  
 The fields were sere, the skies were gray.

In nature's lessons some are blest ;  
 From time stern duties might we learn ;  
 If old myself, there's joy imprest  
 On fresher hearts, to pulse and burn.

A few sad years and I shall be  
 Where all I love has sunk to sleep ;  
 In Nature's arms—fit company  
 For careless æons—buried deep.

*If those we trust desert their trust,  
 If those we love despise and wound ;—  
 To-morrow,—we are fleeting dust,  
 Swept,—like the dry leaves, from the ground !*

When death this palsied heart describes,  
 That sends this trembling scroll to thee,  
 Child, in whose hope and trust there lies,  
 Superior faith and purity ;

If, then, upon fate's coldest hour  
 Thy thought might warm my fading breath,  
 Life might not seem this hopeless dower,  
 But I could smile and bless my death.

CONCORD, MASS.

W. E. CHANNING.

### *SCHELLING ON ENGLAND.*

There is referred to in the "Life of Schelling" (pp. 16–18) a remarkable little Latin poem on this subject. Schelling lived to an advanced age (he was nearly eighty when he died); nevertheless, he is a particularly well-marked example of conspicuous precocity in youth. And we do not refer in that regard to the early age at which he was now a university-prodigy, and again even an accepted philosophical authority with the public, but to his wonderful performances while but as yet a school-boy. He wrote admirable Greek and Latin when he was no more than ten years of age. The poem in question, in fact, is found among the class-exercises that belong to his twelfth year (1787). Written in elegiac verse, it is addressed "To England"—"ad Angliam"—and consists of some one hundred and sixty-two lines. It is described (with specimens) by his biographer pretty well as follows:

The poem begins its great theme with the fervid language of enthusi-